

THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1, 1830.

ILLUSTRATED MEMOIRS OF OUR EARLY ACTORS.*



WILLIAM KEMPE.

THE above curious portrait was taken from a wooden cut of the actor, prefixed to his drama of "*Nine Dais VVonder*, performed in a dance from London to Norwich: containing the pleasure, paines, and kind entertainment of William Kempe, between London and that city, in his late morrices; wherein is somewhat set down worth note, to reprove the slanders spread of him; many things mery, nothing hurtful; written by himself, to satisfie his friends, B. L., 1600:" with a wooden cut of Kempe as a morrice dancer, preceded by a fellow with a pipe and drum; whom (in the books) he calls Thomas Sly, taberer. It is dedicated to "the true, ennobled, and most bountifull Mistress, Anne Fitton, Mayde of honour to the most sacred Mayde Royall, Queene Elizabeth."

The accounts which have been handed down to us of this actor, are very trifling; he was, however, one of the disciples and suc-

* It has long been a source of regret to the admirers of Dramatic Literature, that the accounts which have been handed down to us of our early actors, are so extremely scanty and diffused, while our knowledge of their persons or dresses is so confined, that the few portraits of them which are extant, are deemed valuable curiosities. The Editor has been for some time past busily employed in obtaining the materials for presenting his readers with illustrated memoirs of them.

cessors of the famous Tarleton, (who was buried on the 3d of September, 1588,) as well "in the favour of her Majesty, as in the good thoughts of the general audience." He was one of the original actors in Shakspeare's plays; and appears, from the quarto editions, to have been the first performer of Peter, in *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1595; and of Dogberry, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in 1600. He was also the original Shallow. He was remarkable for that extemporal wit which Shakspeare reproves in *Hamlet's* well known address to the players. Kempe was a dancer, as well as actor. He is not mentioned in the license of 1603, by King James, as one of his servants; nor recognized by Augustus Phillips, 1605, as one of his fellows. He obtained some note by his writings, if we may judge from the following expression in the drama of the *Return from Parnassus*:—"Indeed, master Kempe, you are very famous; but that is as well for your *works in print*, as your part in case." His pieces are as follows:

1. *The Kitchen-Stuff Woman*; Jigge, 1595. (In those days, the word jigge, signified a farce as well as a dance.)
2. *Men of Gotham*; a Merriment.—Not published.
3. *Nine Dais Wonder*.

Kempe is supposed to have died of the plague, in 1603.

ROBERT ARMIN

WAS an author as well as actor; and appears to have occasionally performed the part of Clown, or Fool, in Shakspeare's plays. Some verses were addressed to him, by John Davis, of Hereford, on that subject. He belonged to the Globe, Blackfriars, and was living in 1611.

In Tarleton's Jests, it is said that he was an apprentice at first to a goldsmith in Lombard-street; and, that going to a tavern in Gracechurch-street, to dun the keeper thereof, who was a debtor to his master, Tarleton, who had been the owner of it, and was now only a lodger, saw some verses written by Armin on the wainscot, upon his master's said debtor, whose name was Charles Tarleton; and he liked them so well, that he wrote others under them, prophesying, that as he was, so Armin should be; therefore he called him his adopted son, to wear the Clown's suit after him. And so it fell out, for the boy was so pleased with what Tarleton had written of him, so respected his person, so frequented his plays, and so learned his humour and manners, that, from his private practice, he came to public playing his parts, and was in great repute for the same all the former part of King James's reign.

Besides the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, he wrote a book, called "A Nest of Ninies, simply of themselves, with compounds," 1603; and, at Stationers'-hall was entered, in the same year, "a book called

Phantasm, the Italian Taylor and his Boy; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his Majesty, and a true Discourse of the practices of Elizabeth Caldwell, Ma. Jeffrey Bownd, Isabell Hull, Widdow, and George Fernely, on the parson of Ma. Thomas Caldwell, in the county of Chesser, to have murdered and poysoned him with divers others." The following curious dedication appears at the end of the copy, which presents a *pithy* instance of epistolary cleverness.

"To the right honourable, and his singular good lady, the lady Mary Chandois, R. A. wisheth health and everlasting happiness.

"My honourable and very good lady, considering my dutie to your kind ladiship, and remembering the vertues of your prepared minde, I could doe no lesse but dedicate this strange worke to your view, being both matter of moment and truth. And to the whole world it may seeme strange, that a gentlewoman so well brought up in gods feare, so well married, so virtuous ever, so suddinly wrought to this act of murder; that when your ladiship doth read as well the letter as the book, of her own indighting, you will the more wonder that her vertues coulde so aptly tast the follies of vice and villanie. But so it was, and for the better prooffe that it was so, I have placed my kinsman's name to it, who was present at all her troubles, at her comming to prison, her beeing in prison, and her going out of prison to execution. That those gentlemen to whom he dedicates his worke witnessed, may also be pertakers in that kind, for the prooffe thereof, that your ladiship and the world so satisfied, may admire the deede, and hold it as strange as it is true.

"We have many giddie pated poets, that could have published this report with more eloquence, but truth in plaine attire is the easier knowne: let fixion maske in Kendall greene. It is my qualitie, to adde to the truth, truth, and not leasings to lyes. Your good honor knowes *Pincks*, poore hart, who in all my services to your late deceased kind lord, never savoured of flattiree, or fixion: and therefore am now the bolder to present to your vertues, the view of this late truth, desiring you to so thinke of it, that you may be an honourable mourner at these obsequies, and you shall no more doe, than manie more have doone. So with my tendered dutie, my true ensuing storie, and my ever wishing well, I do humbly commit your ladiship to the prison of heaven, wherein is perfect freedome.

"Your ladiship's ever, in duty and service,

"ROBERT ARMIN."

There was published in the year 1604, a pamphlet, entitled "A Discourse of Elizabeth Armin," who with some other accomplices attempted to poison her husband. Whether this anecdote has any reference to our author, we cannot pretend to affirm; but think it by no means improbable, from the correspondence of the date with the times in which he flourished.

THE
History of the two Maids of More-clacke,

VVith the life and simple maner of IOHN
in the Hospitall.

Played by the Children of the Kings
Maiesties Reuels.

VVritten by ROBERT ARMIN, seruant to the Kings
most excellent Maiestie.



L O N D O N,

Printed by N.O. for Thomas Archer, and is to be sold at his
shop in Popes head Pallace, 1609.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE.

FRIDAY, November 27.—*The Lord of the Manor*.—*The Brigand*.—*Comfortable Lodgings*.

SATURDAY, November 28.—*Follies of Fashion*, (1st time).—*The Brigand*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Lord Splashton, Mr. WALLACK; Sir Harry Lureall, Mr. JONES; Counter, Mr. W. FARREN; Sir Simon Foster, Mr. W. BENNETT; George Foster, Mr. COOPER; Major O'Simper, Mr. H. WALLACK; Lady Splashton, Miss MORDUANT; Emily, Mrs. NEWCOMBE; Jenny, Mrs. ORGER; Mrs. Counter, Mrs. GLOVER; Lady Mary Fretful, Miss FAUCIT; Flimsy, Mrs. WEBSTER.

We shall not now present a detailed analysis of the plot of the new comedy, as we wish to reserve ourselves for a long review when it is published—a slight sketch of the characters will suffice. Lord Splashton, an extravagant nobleman, who has dissipated, not only the whole of his own fortune, but nearly that of his lady's, is in love with Lady Fretful; though at the same time he inwardly entertains a strong regard for his wife, which, however, he does not let her know, as he always treats her with the greatest indifference. Sir Harry Lureall, a profligate and an impertinent rascal, who lives by levying loans on his acquaintance; and moreover, the most intimate friend of Lord Splashton, is deputed by Lady Fretful (who is passionately enamoured of his lordship) to win the affections of his lady, in order that a divorce may be obtained, and Lady Fretful, consequently, in the end become Lord Splashton's wife.

Lady Splashton is an amiable woman, but irritated at her husband's behaviour, and jealous of his attentions to Lady Fretful, begins to regard, with a more attentive ear than she ought, the insidious addresses of Sir Harry Lureall. These characters form the main plot. The machinations of Sir Harry Lureall are attended with tolerable success during the first four acts. In the fifth, a grand masquerade is given at Lord Splashton's house. Sir Harry, in a private interview with Lady Splashton, warmly plies his suit, when he is interrupted by the distant approach of some persons, and is obliged to retire with the lady, each behind a separate window-curtain. The intruders prove to be Lord Splashton and Lady Fretful, who declares that his Lordship's wife had that night eloped with Sir Harry Lureall. This

sudden intelligence had quite a contrary effect to what was expected, for it revives all Lord Splashton's dormant love for his lady, and he deplores her absence with the most heartfelt sorrow. At this juncture, Sir Simon Foster (Lady Splashton's uncle) enters, and asks the disconcerted pair, whether they are sure that they have not been overheard—the curtains are withdrawn, and the concealed party discovered. Sir Harry comes forward, and for once commits an act of justice, by informing his lordship of [his and Lady Fretful's intentions. The penitent husband embraces his now happy wife, resolving to depart to Sir Simon's estate, and live secluded till their difficulties are over. The persons engaged in the under plot, are Counter, a retired stock-broker, and his lady, a vulgar woman who abhors every thing east of Temple-bar. This worthy pair are anxious to marry their daughter Emily to a lord, but the young lady has already given her heart to George Foster, who ingeniously contrives to pass himself upon her parents as Lord George Drummond, the nobleman they had intended for Emily's husband. Emily has another suitor, an Irish major, who, by a paltry artifice, unworthy of the author's talents, is married to Jenny, Mrs. Counter's lady's-maid.

This Comedy is the production of Lord Glengall, who has also written the lively farce of the *Irish Tutor*. It is altogether the most successful attempt at that now almost forgotten species of dramatic writing, genteel comedy, which has been made for many years. The dialogue is uncommonly spirited, witty, and abounds with the most poignant strokes of satire; the plot is cleverly constructed and well developed, and the incidents are numerous and varied, and highly amusing; the characters have been exhibited in several fashionable nobles,—but that is not surprising, for there are hundreds of extravagant noblemen in the world, and an equal number of Sir Harry Lurealls and Lady Fretfuls. We think that the title is a misnomer, for the nefarious actions of some of the *Dramatis Personæ*, may be more justly termed *vices* than *follies*.

We now come to the acting. Mr. Jones, by his pert vivacity and air of impudent familiarity, and graceful assurance, almost exclusively his own, rendered the part of Sir Harry highly entertaining.

Mr. Wallack exerted himself to the utmost and with some success; but the character is quite out of the scope of his abilities. We cannot help noticing the vile dress he wore; it was exactly in what Lord Splashton's groom should have appeared—a bright lemon-coloured pair of inexpressibles and waistcoat, with a coat lined of the same colour.

Farren displayed a rich vein of comic humour, as the ci-devant stock-broker, and his lady was admirably sustained by Mrs. Glover.

Miss Morduant looked remarkably graceful and lady-like; and in one or two instances, displayed much feeling. This lady's intonation,

though not sufficiently varied, is very soft and pleasing. Though her acting was not a highly-finished portrait of a lady of haut-ton, she merited and obtained much applause. Mr. H. Wallack was respectable, but his utterance is thick and disagreeable. All the other characters were well sustained, though we could wish that Mr. W. Bennett would harmonize his voice *a little*, for his present delivery is about as grateful to the ear, as the abrupt declension of a poker and tongs.

This Comedy has met with a success by no means commensurate with its merits; and we feel much sorrow in stating the circumstance, for it proves more than volumes of the most subtle arguments, that the taste of the public for legitimate comedy is completely on the wane. Crowds have nightly thronged the theatres to see such stuff as *Procrastination*, *Spring Lock*, and many others, the names of which would be as tedious as useless to recapitulate—dramas as barren in plot, wit, humour, or delineation of character, as the present excels in each particular. Who shall ever again dare say that the degrading state of the modern drama is owing to the managers? The public love darkness better than the light; the managers, knowing, that the "drama's laws the drama's patrons give," must resort to their old *entertainments*, (forgive the misnomer) which are neither cognizable by the rules of critics nor the laws of nature, or shut up their theatres.

MONDAY, November 30.—*Pizarro*.—*The Brigand*.

Mr. Kean was advertised to play *Richard*, but in consequence of the Lord Chancellor's injunction, applied for by Mr. C. Kemble, he was unable to appear.

TUESDAY, December 1.—*Follies of Fashion*.—*Ballet*.—*The Brigand*.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—*Richard the Third*.—*The Brigand*.—Duke of Gloster, Mr. Kean, who was received with tremendous shouts of applause, mingled with a few hisses. This is one of the very few characters which this popular actor plays in a manner which leaves the critic but little to wish; yet even in this, we could point out numerous instances where he makes frivolous attempts to elicit applause at the expense of our judgment. It is to be regretted, that this great actor is so fond of mysterious looks and long pauses, which have as much meaning in them as Lord Burleigh's sagacious shake of the head. While we make these reflections, however, we cannot help observing, that the whole of his *Richard* is a masterly performance. Arduous as the character is, for the hero is scarcely ever absent from the stage, his activity never relaxes, his energy never subsides; every look, every gesture, evinces that he is solely and entirely filled with the part. He appeared to be in a much better state of health than we

have seen him for some time. At the conclusion, he was loudly called for. The play was well cast.

Mr. Wallack played Richmond ; Cooper, Buckingham ; Vining, Tyrrel ; Aitkin, King Henry ; Mrs. Faucit, the Queen ; and Miss Faucit, Lady Anne.

THURSDAY, December 3.—*Follies of Fashion—The Brigand.*

FRIDAY, December 4.—*Othello.—The Brigand.*

So much has been written on Mr. Kean's *Othello*, that it may be deemed impertinent to say aught here on the subject. That the scenes in which the actor, as the Moor, is wounded almost to madness by the stings of the sevenfold serpent, are inimitably fine, will not admit of a doubt ; but the other portions of the play are as little suited to Mr. Kean's abilities as the character of Romeo ; for setting aside the disadvantages of figure, his declamation, action, and manners, are utterly at variance with those of the nation from which the illustrious Othello drew his origin.

Mr. Young should consider Iago as one of his proudest professional achievements, as it is the triumphant result of the most intense study. Twelve years ago he was deemed by many of the critics to be totally unfit for the part ; yet, now he is pronounced to be, not only the best representative of this arduous character of the present day, but equal to any of his predecessors. We have noticed his acting when we reviewed Mr. Wallack's. There is a point, however, in the fourth act, which is one of the most splendid illustrations of the author's text we ever met with. It is, when Emelia mentions to her husband the circumstance of Desdemona having lost her handkerchief : the fiendlike whisper of joy with which Young utters the interrogatory "Hast stolen it?" is almost appalling.—The house was crowded to excess. At the conclusion, Mr. Kean was called for : after he had made his bow and retired, the same honour was conferred upon Mr. Young.

SATURDAY, December 5.—*The Follies of Fashion.—Giovanni in London.*—Don Giovanni, Madame Vestris.

MONDAY, December 7.—*Richard the Third.—The Brigand.*

TUESDAY, December 8.—*The Follies of Fashion.—The Brigand.*

WEDNESDAY, December 9.—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts.—Portrait of Cervantes.—X Y Z.*

Sir Giles Overreach is decidedly Mr. Kean's most perfect performance ; for in this character, (to make use of an Irishism) his very faults are beauties ; for his occasional coarseness and vulgarity of deportment, which have afforded so much room for censure, are

exactly suited to this low-born villain; and renders it altogether one of the most masterly exhibitions the scenic art is capable of achieving. Mr. W. Farren's Marrall was a most amusing and clever piece of acting: the ludicrous gradations of surprise his visage underwent when he observed the gracious reception Wellborn meets from Lady Allworth's servants, beggars description—the whole house was in a roar. Mr. Cooper's Wellborn was manly and feeling, but not equal to Charles Kemble, in conveying the idea of a gentleman suffering under the pressure of poverty and the world's contempt. Mr. Webster deserves honourable notice for his performance of the Justice.

THURSDAY, December 10.—*The Follies of Fashion*.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*; Buckstone.—*Comfortable Lodgings*; Peake.

FRIDAY, December 11.—*Othello*.—*Masaniello*.

SATURDAY, December 12.—*The Follies of Fashion*.—*The Brigand*.

MONDAY, December 14.—*Richard the Third*.—*Masaniello*.

TUESDAY, December 15.—*She Stoops to Conquer*; Goldsmith.—*The Portrait of Cervantes*.—*The Brigand*.

WEDNESDAY, December 16.—*Othello*.—*The Brigand*.

THURSDAY, December 17.—*The Follies of Fashion*.—*Deaf as a Post*.—*Love, Law, and Physic*.

FRIDAY, December 18.—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*.—*Ups and Downs*.

SATURDAY, December 19.—*The Witch-Finder* (1st time).—*The Brigand*.—*Masaniello*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Mathew Hopkins, Mr. W. FARREN; Jet, Mr. HARLEY; Justice Beril, Mr. BROWNE; Doctor Lizzard, Mr. W. BENNETT; Ambercoat, Mr. COOPER; Malt, Mr. SALTER; Evelyn, Mr. SINCLAIR; John Sterne, Mr. THOMPSON; Judith, Miss FAUCIT; Joan, Mrs. OGER; Maria de Gornez, Mrs. KNIGHT.

The *Witch-Finder* is partly taken from the interesting novel of that name. It met with a most uncourteous reception; for great part of the second act was merely dumb show, therefore our notice of it shall be very trifling.

Judith, a young maiden residing under the guardianship of John Sterne, is wooed by Justice Beril, who, finding that his suit does not proceed so prosperously as he could wish, employs Mathew Hopkins, the *Witch-Finder*, to plead his cause. Mathew, however, has had an eye to the maiden himself, and takes this opportunity of disclosing his passion. Judith rejects his love with indignation and horror (for

her heart is already bestowed on Evelyn). Hopkins, in revenge, denounces her for a witch; and when she is on the point of being torn to pieces by the ignorant mob, her lover rushes in and rescues her.

The public having so summarily pronounced their verdict on Mr. Jerrold's drama, we think it would be useless to say aught on its merits or defects. We, however, cannot help remarking, that the managers acted wrong in producing a melo-drama of this description, as a first piece.—The house was well attended.

MONDAY, December 21.—*Richard the Third*.—*Masaniello*.

TUESDAY, December 22.—*The Hypocrite*; *Bickerstaff*.—*The Portrait of Cervantes*.—*The Brigand*.

In the comedy Miss Mordaunt played Charlotte, the most agreeable coquette ever introduced upon the stage, with all that vivacity, animation, and playful gaiety of manner which the character requires.—The house was miserably attended.

WEDNESDAY, December 23.—*Othello*.—*My Wife! What Wife!*; Poole.

COVENT GARDEN.

FRIDAY, November 27.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*John of Paris*.

SATURDAY, November 28.—*The Royal Fugitive*; Kemble.—*The Poachers*; Pococke.—*The Waterman*.

MONDAY, November 30.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

Mr. T. P. Cooke commenced his gratuitous performance of six nights, this evening. He was most rapturously applauded throughout the piece. Miss Ellen Tree played the heroine. Mr. Wood sang the ballad of "Black-Eyed Susan," with much delicacy and proper feeling.

TUESDAY, December 1.—*The Royal Fugitive*.—*Ballet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*; Jerrold.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

THURSDAY, December 3.—*The Royal Fugitive*.—*Ballet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

FRIDAY, December 4.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

SATURDAY, December 5.—*The Royal Fugitive*.—*Ballet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

MONDAY, December 7.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

TUESDAY, December 8.—*The Belle's Stratagem*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

Letitia Hardy, Miss Foote, who has kindly offered her gratuitous services for ten nights. She appeared in excellent health and spirits.

WEDNESDAY, December 9.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Poachers*; Pococke.

Miss Kemble appeared this evening in *Belvidera*, and with the most complete success, for it was a performance as beautiful as it was affecting. The character, however, is one of those in which the poet has done so much for the actress, that the actress has but little scope for illustrating the poet. The language, the sentiments, and the conduct of the heroine, are all marked by such strong and distinct colouring, that even in the closet, unaided by scenic illusion and by theatrical recitation, no one can peruse them without emotion. There were many brilliant touches of nature in Miss Kemble's performance. We have seldom seen any thing more felicitous than the eloquent look of surprise and reproach with which she regarded her husband when he delivered her as a hostage to Renault. She also admirably succeeded in the celebrated admonition — "Remember twelve." It had all that mingled tone of love, distress, and hope with which Mrs. Siddons used to utter the words. In the trying scene with Jaffier, when he threatens to kill her, she met with tremendous applause. In the latter part of the play, when the reason of the unhappy *Belvidera* totters under the magnitude of her sufferings, Miss Kemble's acting was very powerful and affecting, without at all approaching to rant or exaggeration. The applause throughout was loud and *genuine*. The other characters were indifferently cast. Mr. Warde has not sufficient sensibility for the inconsistent, yet tenderly attached, husband. We cannot imagine why all actors dress Jaffier in black. Is it likely that a man, who is so severely censured by Priuli for the extravagant style in which he lives, would walk about as if he had just come from attending his father's funeral? C. Kemble wears an air of levity in the early scenes of *Pierre*, utterly inconsistent with the character of one who is planning the most deadly schemes of vengeance. The dresses and scenery were new and extremely beautiful.

THURSDAY, December 10.—*John Bull*; Colman.—*Peter Wilkins*.—

For the benefit of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum.

FRIDAY, December 11.—*Venice Preserved*.—*A Rowland for an Oliver*.—Maria Darlington, Miss Foote.

SATURDAY, December 12.—*Clari*; Payne.—*Ballet*.—*Personation*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

Miss Foote's *Clari* is a deeply affecting piece of acting, and no way inferior to the original representative.

MONDAY, December 14.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

TUESDAY, December 15.—*Much Ado about Nothing*; Shakspeare.—*Black Eyed Susan*.

The merits of Mr. C. Kemble's spirited and vivacious performance of Benedict are well known and justly appreciated. Miss Foote's manners are almost too delicate and refined for fully displaying the masculine gaiety of Beatrice.

WEDNESDAY, December 16.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

THURSDAY, December 17.—*Which is the Man*; Mrs. Cowley.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

The lively and entertaining comedy was altogether well cast; Miss Foote has all that fascination and pleasing vivacity of deportment and manners, that the representative of the gay widow, Lady Bell Bloomer, should possess. Warde was correctly sarcastic as Fitzherbert. Abbott very gentlemanly as Beauchamp. Wrench, impudent and familiar as Lord Sparkle, though vulgar in the extreme; and Keeley laughable, as the self-opiniated and ignorant booby Bobby Pendragon. His lively sister was very cleverly sustained by Miss Nelson.

The house was poorly attended, as, surprising to relate, has been the case every night of Miss Foote's performance.

FRIDAY, December 18.—*Venice Preserved*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

SATURDAY, December 19.—*The Wonder*; Centlivre.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

Mr. C. Kemble imparted to the jealous Felix all that fiery impatience, that suspicious vigilance, and that enthusiasm in love which the pages of romance have ascribed to the inhabitants of Portugal. Miss Foote looked the character of Violante admirably well, and played it with much judgment. Fawcett's Lissardo and Mrs. Gibbs's Flora, were as lively and amusing as ever.

MONDAY, December 21.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

TUESDAY, December 22.—*Clari*; Payne.—*A Rowland for an Oliver*; Morton.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

WEDNESDAY, December 23.—*Venice Preserved*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

SURREY THEATRE.

THE drama of *Thomas à Becket* did not prove very advantageous to the treasury—it was only played six nights.

WEDNESDAY, December 10.—Mr. Rumball's benefit. The performances were *Black-Eyed Susan*, and the *Iron Chest*. He played Sir Edward Mortimer with much force and discrimination.

Mr. Rayner's benefit was uncommonly well attended. Mrs. Waylett played Lucy Bertram, and was warmly encored in several of her songs.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—A new grand spectacle, *The Elephant of Siam; or, the Fire-Fiend*.

The long announced Elephant, which has so much delighted and astonished our volatile neighbours, appeared this evening. Her docility is perfectly astonishing.—The house is crowded every night, and we have no doubt that the spirited proprietors will be amply rewarded for the great expense and trouble they have undergone, in introducing this great heroine on their boards.

COBURG THEATRE.

MONDAY, December 7.—*Nicholas Mendoza*, a new melo-drama.—*Old Ones and Young Ones*, a new burletta, from the pen of Mr. T. Dibden. The new burletta was very amusing, and met with much applause. The principal character is a benevolent Jew, which was supported by Dowton with great warmth of feeling, and chasteness of style. The performances were for his benefit; and we are happy to state that the house was well attended.

OLYMPIC.

A BURLESQUE upon *Black-Eyed Susan*, entitled *Black-Eyed Sukey*, has been played here during the past month, with great applause. Mr. Wild's imitation of T. P. Cooke, is very correct.

TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.

THIS compact little theatre has been numerous and fashionably attended during the past month. *Love in a Village*; *The Barber of Seville*; *The Lord of the Manor*; and *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*, have been performed in a very creditable manner.

Extracts from "St. Real's Conspiracy of the Marquis de Bedamar, and the Duke d'Ossuna, against the Republic of Venice:" from which history Otway founded the plot of Venice Preserved.

NEITHER Pierre nor Jaffier, according to St. Real, were Venetians. The first was, by birth, a Norman; by profession, a corsair; one who had given proofs of his knowledge of sea-affairs, and had made a large fortune by his courage, in attacking, and afterwards plundering, ships in the Mediterranean. Jaffier was of Provence, and principally known as the particular friend of Pierre. A Grecian lady of a noble family, born in one of the islands of the Archipelago, was seduced to give up her honour, by the governor of the isle, under the promise of immense riches. The father of the lady, on his soliciting the seducer to perform his compact, was basely murdered by him for his importunity. The daughter immediately, with all her effects, set sail for Venice. She laid her case before the senate, and petitioned for justice. They turned a deaf ear to her remonstrances; and she, having spent her little all in vain attendance upon the senate, was reduced to the necessity of repairing her loss by her beauty. No resentment can be more violent, than that of persons nobly born, when driven by the hand of power to gain subsistence by means unworthy of their rank. (This is the lady whom Otway calls, in his play, Acquilina.)

Renault was a principal conspirator, and in great interest with the Spanish ambassador. His sanguinary and brutal charge is heard by Pierre with approbation and pleasure, but by Jaffier with horror and detestation. Renault observes the countenance and distress of Jaffier during his positive orders to spare neither sex nor age. He communicates his suspicions to Pierre, who, with some difficulty, prevails upon him not to kill his friend on suspicion; and lays before him, with great earnestness, the apprehended consequences of such an act. The senate, on hearing that d'Ossuna's fleet was at sea, ordered Pierre to sail immediately, with some ships of war, to watch their motions.

To this single circumstance, perhaps, Venice owed her safety; for Jaffier, being separated from his friend, who had kept a watchful eye over his conduct, had now full leisure to indulge his melancholy reflections, and to give way, undisturbed, to the emotions of humanity arising in his breast. The conflict of his mind was great. His imagination painted to him all the horrors of a city surprised and taken by storm, and subjected to the most shocking of disasters. He heard, he thought, the cries of children trodden under feet, the groans of old men whose throats were devoted to the sword, and the screams of virgins and matrons. So strongly was his imagination impressed with terror, that he saw nothing but palaces tumbling down, churches in flames, and the most holy places violated with blood and slaughter.

Venice, the sad and deplorable Venice, was continually before his eyes. On the other hand, he reflected how infamous it was to break through his most solemn engagements, and betray his friends. And such friends! men of intrepidity, equal to the discharge of every office in the cabinet or in the field. And what, alas! will be their

punishment? the most excruciating which the wit of the most arbitrary tyrants could possibly invent. The very prisons of Venice were more calculated to shake the courage of the stoutest man, than the capital punishments of other nations. These last reflections kept him in suspense for a time, and balanced the afflicting sensations which the idea of the destruction of Venice had excited. His curiosity to see the ceremony of the Doge's wedding the Adriatic, which preceded the day intended for the execution of the conspiracy, at length determined his wavering mind. The sight of all Venice assembled in tranquillity to enjoy this great day of festivity, filled Jaffier with the tenderest and most insupportable emotions; he could not endure the thought of such a number of happy people being on a sudden plunged into the deepest gulf of misery and destruction.

The fate of Pierre is thus related by the historian. Two persons of trust were sent on board the vessel which Pierre commanded, who, under pretence of communicating fresh orders from the senate, drew him into a private conference; in the midst of which, they plunged their poniards into his bosom, and afterwards caused his body to be thrown into the sea. Jaffier, inconsolable for the loss of his friend, with great bitterness reproached the senate with their perfidy. They obliged him to take from them 3000 ducats, and banished him from their territories. Breathing nothing but revenge, he soon after joined some of the conspirators, who were raising disturbances in Brescia, and was taken, fighting manfully, endeavouring to sell his life as dear as he could. He was brought to Venice, and drowned by order of the state.

The ghosts of Jaffier and Pierre, which are now only seen in Belvidera's distracted imagination, formerly appeared in *proprie persone* to the audience.

FOLLIES OF FASHION.

Prologue, spoken by Mr. Cooper, written by Thomas Raikes, Esq.

THE court is ready; Prompter, cry O yes!
 Make proclamation that Sense seeks redress;
 Fashion's arraigned, and we her garb assume,
 To plead for mercy, and await our doom.
 But yet her follies are not purely ours—
 "Whose are they, prithee, then?" Perhaps, Sir, yours.
 "No: I've the plea of youth"—I, Sir, of years;
 [Aside] How true to nature! cubs grow up to bears.
 Or yours! whose motley many languaged dress,
 Where nought is simple but the nakedness:
 "Ho, turn him out; who is this caustic fool,
 That lends himself as some poor author's tool?
 His own the folly that his text explains—
 He is the fool, we'll damn him for his pains!"
 From such, indeed, no favour can we ask,—
 Who runs at game, must gird him to the task.
 We're well prepared, like hunger-whetted hounds,
 To scent, breast high, where fashion most abounds (*to the dress circle*).
 The quarry's roused; ye sportsmen, high and low (*to the gallery and pit*),
 As we give tongue, Oh! gaily cheer us now.
 Fashion, and well ye know the power that awes,
 Will, like the beggars, have a king and laws;
 We, too, who minister to taste, must know

At times to bend subservient to a beau.
 In pity deem it not a prayer misplaced,
 In this extreme inclemency of taste,
 That we, Thalia's sons, half-starved no doubt,
 Should crave compassion ere we're frozen out.
 Ye, then, with honest hearts and homely sense,
 Who rail at Fashion, as ye loathe pretence,
 Should ye behold such as have made their trade
 To wrong ye, in your image here pourtray'd;
 If that to mirth we move ye, as of yore,
 In this good cause, Oh! give us "one cheer more."

The following Epilogue was spoken by Miss Mordaunt:—

Written by Lord Alvanley.

All is prepared, and four of Newman's greys—
 A pair I mean—are waiting with the chaise;
 And Julie, my French maid, crying, "*quel revers!*"
 Screams in the dicky, with a "*mal de nerfs*;"
 His Lordship's creditors, as well as mine,
 With noses as a Spanish pointer's fine,
 Wind our retreat, forerunners to a score—
 See, a dozen milliners are at the door;
 So go we must, and, ah! penurious fate!
 Crawl with a pair—a married *tete-a-tete*!!!

Further sacrifices our follies claim—
 From every club my Lord must take his name!
 Hyde Park, sweet Opera, Kensington, all adieu!
 Almack's farewell, farewell *ecarte* too!
 No more with cool indifference shall I score,
 And seem forgetful of the hard-earn'd lore;
 But, genius cramped, at sober country play—
 At whist, for shillings, yawn my weary way;
 To drafts and cribbage with the Parson fall,
 To teach *ecarte* at the Sessions' ball!
 Methinks I see our friends, a dreadful band!
 In White's, resume their customary stand,
 In that bay bow-window, Scandal's favourite seat,
 The Inquisition of St. James's-street!
 Where bilious questioners await their prey,
 And dawdling idlers kill the tedious day;
 Where wit and fool, where *bel-esprit* and bore,
 Together congregate at half-past four;
 Ourselves the theme—"So the Splashtons are gone at last!
 I always thought those people went too fast.
 Whose got their cook?"—"I have bought her *vis-a-vis*."
 "When did they go?"—"Oh, yesterday at three."
 "Is she gone too?"—"Yes, Lureall's downcast eyes,
 Disorder'd dress, and over-acted sighs,
 Hint the sad tale of interrupted love,
 And grief, which nothing but champagne can move."

Thus mentioned, thus forgotten, we depart,
 With steps still lingering, and with heavy heart;
 Yet, ere I go, some short advice is due
 To those who knew and shared my follies too.
 Husbands, *by mine be warned*, who, graceless fellows,
 Yourselves make love, then venture to be jealous;
 Who basely truckle to that vulgar passion,
 And yet affect—a monstrous deal of fashion.
 Mend if you can; if not, come, one and all,
 And moralize with us at Splashton Hall.

REVIEW.

Thomas à Becket: a Historical Play, in five acts, as played at the Surrey Theatre. By DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A NEW five-act play being produced at the Surrey Theatre, is too great a novelty to be slightly passed over; and, moreover, it is written by the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*, a drama which has redeemed the Plymouth Theatre from ruin, and put nearly 100*l.* a week into the pockets of the Brighton manager.

The drama opens at the time when the high-minded prelate has incurred, by his overbearing conduct, the just displeasure of his sovereign. In the preface, the author states that it has been his chief purpose to delineate the hero's character in all its various modifications—when appearing as the champion of his order, wielding the bolts of the church as weapons of his ambition,—and when subdued, exalted, and chastened by meditation and long converse with the acts of men, who, in the ignorance of their fervour, sought “to merit heaven by making earth a hell.” To sustain so arduous a character, with even limited success, requires no ordinary talent in the author; and we therefore most cordially congratulate Mr. Jerrold, for the originality, pathos, and judgment, he has displayed, in exhibiting the different stations of his hero. In the language throughout, the author has attempted the quaint and metaphorical style of our early dramatists, and in many instances with success. The following reflections are agreeable and poetical; they are made by Becket, when he hears that the guests he had invited to a banquet decline appearing, because his influence with the king was reported to be on the wane.

“Heaven save me, I am tired of man. What! I have been as liberal as Nile, fattening the lean banks on which I flowed; now, my tide is falling, and not one will leave the golden harvest I have yielded him—but stands, rich amid his yellow corn, nor steps to throw one flower on my receding wave. I was the sun-beam in which a thousand flies did sport—the sky is overcast, and where is now the humming swarm? Worldly greatness! 'Tis the silken semblance of a giant, blown out with wind: but prick the shining covering, silently colossus shrinks into a pigmy, and the vile herd that shook and bowed before the monster, now use his shrunk skin to carpet their ungrateful feet.”

The most striking scene in the play, is the opening of the third act, which is also highly dramatic. As it gives a fair specimen of the author's abilities, we will transcribe it for the judgment of our readers.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Clarendon. The Council Discovered. Henry on his Throne. Earls of Leicester and Cornwall. Richard de Hastings (Grand Prior of the Templars). The Archbishop of York. Bishops of Chichester, Worcester, Lincoln, Exeter, Winchester, Salisbury, &c. John of Oxford presiding. Fitz-Urse, De Tracy, Brito, De Moreville, &c.*
John of Ox. The council stays for his grace of Canterbury.
Henry. A pious measure of the good archbishop, to teach us patient thoughts.
Voce without. Way there for the prince and the archbishop.

Enter BECKET with PRINCE HENRY.

Henry. We have waited for your grace.

Becket. I crave the pardon of your highness, and of this reverend and noble council. Let this [*shewing the Prince*] be my excuse. [*Henry comes down.*] Men part not on the instant with a jewel that they prize, but take some brief delay to look a farewell to its lustre. Your highness, for that you thought me fitting for the toils of state, to hear and labour for your dearest hopes,—that you charged me with so large a share of honour, that envy bristled at its greatness—a fervent thankfulness still rises from my heart. Yet all your gifts—and they have been many, and most dear ones—were as the sand compared to that most precious trust, the unfolding soul of this our nation's hope.—A father's love hath stolen into my breast! I have, in that abstraction of the mind, when tender thoughts come like sweet music on us, and the human brain sings with a seraph's harmony,—I have gazed upon the boy—gazed with a father's eye—pressed his white brow, and looked upon his blooming cheek, till tears pricked out my sight. Your highness requires the young prince from my hands. I return my charge. [*passes the Prince over to Henry.*] If, with traitorous purpose, I have, by word or act, taught him a thought unworthy of his princely station or his manly nature—may the bright symbol of my function crumble into burning ashes on my head—my robes be instinct with eating venom! May his life be soft and even as a shepherd's melody: when white hairs come upon him, may he be like those heights, whose tops are crowned with snow, whose breasts are belted with a living verdure;—and when he dies, may the memory of him be in the minds of men as a monument of crystal twined with amaranth. To the business of the council.

[*Henry resumes his seat.*]

Henry. My lords, you are this day assembled to consider the fitness of restraining evils which bring our authority into contempt, and are fraught with danger to the general good. My lord archbishop, first we call upon you to surrender into our hands the person of Philip de Brois. Your grace hears us!

Becket. Your highness, Philip de Brois is a churchman.

Henry. Is he not our subject?

Becket. He hath surrendered himself into my keeping; shall I, like an ungracious pastor, turn my fold into a trap?

Henry. Aye, if wolves, instead of lambs, run into it. This Philip is a most perjured villain.

Becket. Grant, which I do not, that he be—the church hath rods for such as disobey her.

Henry. She hath; but how doth she use them? Marry, her rods are of iron to such as, wearing not her livery, offend—to those of her household, they are of lavender and spikenard. My lord archbishop, am I, or art thou sovereign of England?

Becket. May heaven, which placed the kingly circle on your brow, long keep it there, endowing you with lawful sway. The ocean and the earth fight not for supremacy; each hath its appointed boundary.

Henry. We sit not here to untie knotted riddles. Am I, or art thou king?

Becket. Thou art the king—I am the archbishop.

Henry. Indeed. My lords, it is not our desire to restrain the power of the church when she would chastise her children—yet we demand that such offenders be given into our hands for punishment, if sinning against the public safety. Is not our offer fair?

Becket. Truth dealeth not in sinuous periods. Let one word be her answer—no!

Henry. My lords, you of the church, say, shall I hold you for my friends, or cast you off as cankers to the state? My lord archbishop, will you not obey the ancient customs of this realm?

Becket. I will observe them, saving my order.

Henry. The archbishop hath spoken, yet he is but one.

Becket. The archbishop hath spoken with twenty tongues. My brethren, [*to the Bishops*] hath he not?

Henry. My lord, they tell me you are a man of sanctity—of strict observance of your word. I claim the fulfilment of that word, given at our palace at Woodstock. Did you not there avow obedience to our will?

Becket. [*producing a copy of the constitutions.*] I did not see the danger to our church that now stares out. What is here? a hundred subtle points and shifts to cripple and debase our order—to leave us but the painted outside of authority—yielding up to kingly sway, a duty that we owe to heaven.

Henry. Think again: your king, archbishop, counsels for your safety.

Becket. I see no peril: my conscience be my shield of diamond.

Henry. That shield may be worn as a badge of exile.

Becket. Your highness, the sun shines out of England.

Henry. Down my blood!—Proud priest, beware! The words of kings are terrible—twenty deaths—

Becket. Ten thousand may glare upon the constant mind, whose hopes bloom not beneath an earthly crown, but blossom there.

Henry. If I endure this, take my banner, and be painted there a spaniel. Archbishop,—the fulfilment of your word as you lay value on your soul. Again I say—beware!

[*The door of an adjoining chamber is thrown open, and discovers a body of armed knights with drawn swords. The Bishops rise and gather round Becket.*]

Bishop of Chi. My lord, as you would spare Christian blood, dare not the king. Sign the paper.

Becket. My lord of Chichester,—were an angel to present the deed I would not sign it.

Bishop of Lin. This is rashness, not piety!—Do you not see on either side—

Becket. I see, on one hand, a flight of timorous birds huddling together, fluttering their wings and sobbing out their fears—on the other, vultures clutching their talons and straining at their cords. Let them swoop, I care not.

Bishop of Win. My lord, relent—lest a sudden death—

Becket. Thou mean'st a glorious life. Let death put forth its ashy hand, and thus I'd circle it. These men may kill me, but my dying eye will see reflected in my slayer's shield an unabashed, unshrinking countenance.

Henry. My lords of Leicester and of Cornwall, is yon proud man to master us!

Richard de Hastings. [*with another Knight Templar, kneeling to Becket.*] My lord—

Becket. You too against me, Richard! and you—

Rich. As you have tender thoughts, tempt not the king to a blind vengeance!

Becket. Fear not for them, Richard! [*pointing to the Bishops.*] The willow bows its pithy branches to the blast, and rises when 'tis over. I bend not; but, if it must be, fall!

Rich. Thomas, by our days of friendship—by the one heart we have had between us, appease the king! He hath thoughts of blood. Your word may draw a hundred swords upon the heads of gray-haired men—

Becket. Traitors!

Rich. Be it so—they have human souls. The more unfit they are to descend into their graves, the greater is your charge to give them time for penitence. You love not heaven, if you would rob it of a tenant.

Becket. Where is the deed?

Henry. We sit here, like an antique image, carved in a chair of state. My lord of Leicester, what says the archbishop?

Rich. Your highness, he doth consent.

Henry. We have not heard him say as much.

Becket. Marvel not, great king, that the tongue may falter to declare what the weakness of the heart doth purpose. Not for myself I promise; but for the sake of those whose very trembling hath thrown their robes into disorder. I looked for hearts of rock, and I find them hollow as the bones of sparrows!

John of Ox. My lord archbishop,—do you, without reservation, promise to obey the ancient customs, herein written of these realms?

Becket. Ye spiritual lords, mark well my answer! I do.

John of Ox. [*giving paper to Becket.*] Your grace's signature and seal.

Becket. What are these! The names and seals of all my reverend brethren! Not one—not one is wanting. I cannot sign now. I pray you, give me till to-morrow.

Henry. Some priestly subterfuge.

Becket. Your highness, have I not promised?—Can a few black lines bring further obligation on a candid soul? Doth the mind own no compulsion if it read it not in ink? Differently do we see a sacred pledge! It is within us and around us;—we read it in the glorious sun—in the wide circle of the yellow moon—in each shining star—in the small field-flower that's trodden under foot;—the birds chirp it from the trees—and the subtle air doth vibrate with it. Nature hath too many remembrancers, for man to break his oath and dream not of the perjury. I will sign to-morrow.

John of Ox. [*the King having bowed assent to Becket.*] The council is dissolved.

After Becket has been thus humbled, he retires to France, where he leads (so we are told) a hermit's life for some time; but at the conclusion of the fourth act, he returns in great triumph to his country.—The play ends with his murder.

The under plot is poorly constructed, and possesses little interest. Lucia, a young maiden, placed *by her parents in a convent for protection*, is with difficulty saved from the base attempts of Philip de Brois, a monk, who flies to the Archbishop for protection, and receives it, while the maiden is married to Breakspear.

The incidents where Becket is concerned are happily arranged, and excite attention, but the other portions of the play are heavy. The lengthy conversations between the falconer and the master of the hounds, are enough to exhaust the patience of the most friendly auditory. The author has committed another material error, by forgetting to suit the language to his characters. He is so passionately enamoured of metaphors, and high-flown sentiments, that all his *Dramatis Personæ* walk upon stilts.

Swart is asked where he is going to: he replies,

To look at the clouds; and in their strange and changing shapes, to see the action of this lower world.

Trust me, the monsters, that our fancy fashions in the sky, are not more monstrous than the monsters of the earth. Its pageants, ceremonies, are aptly mirrored in the fleeting mist that drives above them.

Is this language suitable to a Falconer in the reign of Henry II.?

The drama was indifferently acted. Mr. Rumball played the hero with judgment, but the other characters were not well cast. Mr. Forester when he attempted to be impassioned, was really dreadful. Some very beautiful scenery was introduced, and the piece was altogether very well got up.

PROLOGUE.

(Written by a Friend.)

SPOKEN BY MR. FORESTER.

To-NIGHT, a novel, but a noble guest,
Crowned with old wreaths, and clad in classic vest,
Comes here—a relic of our Golden Day—
That long-sought absentee, an English Play.
We, like the old adventurers, have found
In the far waters dry dramatic ground;
A mountain-garden, in whose green retreat
The Muse may sing, and Nature find a seat.
Nature—the fount whence bards were wont to fill
Their sweeping river, or their scanty rill—
Again along the barren stage must flow,
While Art shall grasp the gold that gleams below.
If Nature here but one faint ray emit—
One only—as a stranger, welcome it.
Our author asks indulgence;—he has brought
No gifted brute to aid the force of thought;
He brings no unicorn, no whale with wings;—
The world—the human heart—of these he sings.
And in his page, though humour droop and pant,
Yet smile, and think the jest—an Elephant!
If banished Wit its way but feebly force,
Applaud him still—we boast no troop of horse!
Combat and Conflagration, furious pair,
That wake the weary, agitate the fair—
That blaze and struggle through the senseless scene,
And leave sage Reason wondering what they mean;—
For these, rejected, fain we'd have you find,
The play of fancy, and the flash of mind.
Dragons and demons, Counts bow'd down by crime,
The pleasing horror of a German clime:
French sentiment, French feeling—richly-clad
In sighs and songs, till melody runs mad—
Clipp'd and “adapted to our stage”—(weak wine
Translated into water; flavour fine!)—
All these are banished hence; old Fiction flies,
And *English manners—habits—history, rise*:
We offer here—no masque or gaudy dream—
A native Drama on a native theme!
If in this effort, though all else should fail,
You own, while wearied with our author's tale,
A love of *Nature* and of *Shakspeare* reigns,
His wreath is won!—the rest with you remains.

EPILOGUE.

(By the Author of “*Posthumous Papers.*”)

SPOKEN BY MISS SCOTT.

Plague o' these authors!—haughty, high, and hateful,
Applaud their work, and they're so very grateful;
Beggars before, they'll bless you after it,
Approve your judgment, and commend your wit;
Reverse the verdict—meed and meat refuse,
And you may go to—Heaven, if you choose.

Come, Sirs, your verdict!—Remember, the offender
Is by no means an *old* one—so be tender!
“Guilty” he pleads to this most grave offence,—
Of writing a *new* play—in every sense
Of English birth and growth; which, in our time,
When *not to steal* is held a losing crime,—
When more than half our plays, like half our fleet,
Are taken “from the French,”—was not discreet;
But, in our author, you will sure forgive
His British bravery, and let him live.

Nay, I must cease, I see, this idle banter,
And check my muse in her careering canter,
And come to business. Well, to be serious,
Grave as a sexton—as his man mysterious;—
There is a Critic *somewhere* in the Pit—
Ha! there he sits—a man of mind, and fit
To give a sound opinion. Sir, to you,
I shall address a question—if not two.
Now, on your candour as a critic, say,
Do you approve or disapprove our play?
Say, will it do? [*pauses.*] I see I need not task
Your modesty—that smile gives all I ask!—
You, who so silently sit smiling there, [*Turning to Boxes.*
And well you may whilst smil’d on by the Fair,
May, then, our Author call you friends? He may;
Your lips are silent, but your eyes say “ay!”
As for you, Gentlemen, who rule above, [*To the Gallery.*
And love what’s new with the devontest love,
I know I have your verdict on my side:—
And thus our bark floats on with friendly tide;
A Saint on board—a pilot at the helm,
What storm shall wreck us, or what seas o’erwhelm?
Safe in a friendly port, its perils past,
The good ship “*Becket*,” riding out the blast,
Shall haven there in peace, and find its anchor fast.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

No. 4.

MR. WALLACK.

THE passion, enthusiasm, or whatever else it may be styled for the histrionic art, which induces so many mortals to strut and fret their hour upon the stage, generally arises from one of two causes: it is either the force of a strong natural genius for the art, as was the case with Kean; or it is the result of incidental circumstances arresting the attention of the mind at an age when most susceptible of receiving impression, as was the case with the subject of our present memoir, who was the son of a very respectable actor in the melo-dramatic world—the Huntly and Cobham of the day. John Wallack was born at Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, August 20th, 1794. Our friends who are so anxious about preserving dates, will be gratified at our extreme accuracy on the present occasion. We shall not

enlarge on the motives which induced our hero to become a child of Thespis, which he certainly was in the literal sense of the word, for he performed on the boards of the Circus in Drury Lane, at the stage of life which our great bard has assigned to the whining schoolboy. His first character of any importance was Theodore in the *Siege of St. Quintin*, in which he displayed some ability. When that memorable calamity occurred which destroyed the Drury Lane Theatre, and of course dispersed the performers, he had the good fortune to obtain an engagement at the Dublin Theatre, where he remained three years. At the conclusion of that period, he was again enrolled among the Drury-Lane company, then performing at the Lyceum under the management of Mr. Arnold, and made his first appearance there on the 20th of June, 1812, in the part of Sanguida, in Lewis's terrific drama of *The Wood Demon*. On the opening of the new Drury Lane Theatre, he played Laertes to Elliston's Hamlet. Here he remained some years, performing a variety of second-rate characters, both in tragedy and comedy, with tolerable success; and his performance of Wilfred, in the *Iron Chest*, to Mr. Kean's Sir Edward, met with universal approbation. Soon after this he embarked with his wife, the daughter of the celebrated Irish Johnstone, for the United States, and obtained great fame and profit by the excursion. In 1821 he returned to his native country, and at his old quarters boldly essayed the highest range of tragic characters in our drama; appearing in Brutus, Richard the Third, and Coriolanus. These performances were, however, received with the most chilling indifference by the public, and consequently were not repeated. His coadjutors in tragedy this season, were Mr. Cooper and Mr. Booth. Finding that his professional attainments were much more highly prized in the new world than in the old, he resolved again to cross the Atlantic, and was pursuing his theatrical career with additional success, when he had the misfortune to break both his legs, an accident which has considerably destroyed the symmetry of his figure. On his recovery he re-crossed the seas, and on July the 14th, 1823, re-appeared at the Lyceum, as Roderick Dhu, in the Knight of Snowden. At the opening of Drury Lane, he played Hamlet, and a variety of other characters, and soon after contrived to get himself into many debts and difficulties, as he had the honour of figuring away in the Gazette as a bankrupt, under the title of a boarding-house keeper. In 1825, he became stage-manager at Drury Lane, which office he has retained ever since, with the exception of last season, when he once more visited that country which had ever entertained so favourable an opinion of his talents.

Of his qualifications for the important office he now holds, we cannot speak with much satisfaction; for during the last two seasons of Elliston's reign, the theatre was vilely conducted: therefore we have to ascribe the present spirited management more to Mr. Price's indefatigable disposition, than to Mr. Wallack's care or judgment. It would, however, be unjust, were we not to state that the performers, in compliment to Mr. Wallack's gentlemanly conduct, presented him with a handsome piece of plate at the conclusion of the season, 1828.

Mr. Wallack's character as an actor does not require a very long notice; for his personations, though uniform, and sometimes

pleasing, are not remarkable for displaying any depth of intellect or originality of genius. He is content to tread in the same beaten track in which so many of his predecessors have moved before : and never brings to light any omitted beauty in an author which had passed unobserved. His acting has neither the brilliancy and electric genius of Kean ; the dignity, harmonious declamation, and exquisite judgment of Young ; the romance, pathos, and sensibility of Macready ; nor the polished ease, fire and feeling, of Charles Kemble. What then, may be asked, are Mr. Wallack's claims to professional reputation, to be enrolled among the children of fame ? Why, the possession of a well-formed figure, (though that has been somewhat spoilt by the accident we have alluded to), a handsome set of features, a variety of well chosen attitudes, a pleasing voice, and being well versed in what may be termed the mechanical business of his art, such as knowing the exact moment when he should cross the stage, tap his breast, &c. To particularise any of Mr. Wallack's characters, would be almost useless, as we have so frequently to notice him in our Theatrical Journal. Yet, to prevent the charge of partiality, and for the sake of justifying our criticisms, we will take him in three departments of the drama. To begin with tragedy—his heroes are spirited and manly ; take his Richmond, and Alcibiades, for instance ; while his lovers are sad namby-pamby, milk-and-water gentlemen—his Romeo, and Bassanio to wit ; of his more lofty assumptions in tragedy, such as Richard the Third, Coriolanus, Brutus, &c. it would be useless to notice ; nobody ever imagined he could play them. His comedy is detestable—in Valentine, Charles Surface, Colonel Lambert, he utterly failed to impart that genuine elegance of deportment and suavity of manner which denote the gentleman of polished life. His manners were those of a waiter at a watering-place, who endeavours to conceal native vulgarity by assumed elegance. In melo-drama he has acquired much fame ; yet his Rob Roy is immeasurably below Macready's, and we know not one character in which he has equalled Bennet's performance of the *Guerilla Chief*, either in judgment, action, or sensibility.

MISCELLANIES.

QUIN, GARRICK, MRS. CIBBER, AND MRS. PRITCHARD.

WE make no apology for introducing such anecdotes as the following ; for any circumstance that at all illustrates the style of our departed actors, must be interesting to many of our readers.

In Cumberland's Memoirs, he mentions his having been present at the representation of the *Fair Penitent* ; Quin played Horatio ; Ryan, Altamont ; Garrick, Lothario ; Mrs. Cibber, Calista ; and Mrs. Pritchard condescended to the humble part of Lavinia. Quin presented himself upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams ; an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high heel'd square-toed shoes. With very

little variation of cadence, and a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it—he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitativè, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisitores. It was so extremely wanting in contrast, that though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it.—When she had recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one. It was like an old ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, continually chiming in the ear without variation or relief.* Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast—had more nature, and of course more change of tone and variety both of action and expression. But, when after long expectation I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at Altamont, and heavy paced Horatio, Heavens! what a transition! it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene.

CORNEILLE.

BOILEAU thought Corneille the most majestic of authors, ancient and modern, with respect to sentiment and style; but his admiration of this great poet was restricted by the due limits of rational criticism. He thought the fertility of his mind and the vivacity of his genius were sometimes ill-directed, from a defect in his judgment. His genius, he observed, seemed in his early writings, tender and pathetic; instances of which are seen in his *Cid*, and in his *Illusion Comique*: but his talents seemed most inclined towards the grand and marvellous; and love, which he looked upon as a degrading passion, seems casually introduced into his plays, or as it were by surprise. He abjured at length the tender affections, lest they might enervate the general vigour and energy of his composition. In the character of Geronte,† the father of the liar, the tragic rather than the comic muse seems to have guided his pen, when he describes the father loading the son with reproaches for his duplicity. In short, Corneille seems to have made verses rather under the influence of enthusiasm than of taste; as he frequently abridged excellent passages in subsequent revisions, and left the less excellent without the benefit of correction.

PLAY BILLS.

THE placing *Vivant Rex et Regina* at the bottom of the play-bills, arose from the early actors being accustomed, at the conclusion of the piece, to pray for the king and queen.

* Mr. Warde's declamation wonderfully accords with this description.

† La Menteur, Act V. Scene 3.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

THE value of money was not so different two centuries ago, as not to make the change in theatrical receipts and expenses very extraordinary, when compared with those of that period. I shall give an instance of a bespeak on a very singular occasion. In "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons, attempted and committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex, and his Complices, against her Majesty, and her Kingdoms," drawn up by Lord Bacon, at the request of Queen Elizabeth, I find these passages—the evidence is against Sir Gilly Merick:

"That the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them, the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*.

"Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merick.

"And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old, and that they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it: there were *forty shillings* extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was."

MR. KEAN AND COVENT GARDEN.

Men live and prosper but in mutual trust and confidence in one another's faith. Mr. Kean's late conduct has excited the contempt, the indignation, and the disgust of all who despise ingratitude and meanness. The particulars of this *novel* transaction, (at least, for the honour of the drama, we trust it may be so styled,) have been so fully laid before the public, that to detail them here would be a waste of time and space. We, however, think the following letters ought not to be omitted; for the one is as remarkable for its frank and manly character as the other is for bombast and, we may well add, humbug.

"Theatre Royal, Covent-garden, 21st January, 1829.—Dear Mr. Kean,—I have great pleasure in acquainting you, that the proprietors of Covent-garden theatre have every disposition to meet your wishes respecting the proposals with which you favoured me, through your agent, Mr. Phillips, viz. that you shall be permitted to suspend all your performances here until the season after next, for the purpose of preparing yourself in two or three new characters; that you will be ready, on the commencement of the season 1830-31, to return, when required, to your engagement in Covent-garden Theatre, of which engagement there remains ten nights uncompleted; and which ten may, if you please, be extended to twenty-four nights in the first instance, and afterwards to as many more as may be thought mutually advantageous. In the mean time (it is understood) you are not to act in London. And now, my dear Mr. Kean, let me beg of you to fortify yourself in your good resolutions. Go to Bute, where I wish with all my heart I could join you; study your new parts—for, as Shakspeare says, 'nothing pleases but rare accidents,' and your own experience must have taught you, that perfection itself without novelty, will, in the course of time, become a drug; return to London with renovated health, and run another course as prosperous as the first; that you may do so is the very sincere wish of, dear Mr. Kean, yours, most truly, C. Kemble." Mr. Kean wrote and signed the following letter to Mr. Kemble:—"Barnes-terrace. My dear Sir, your letter confirms my first impression of your character,—namely, that you are a good man and a good actor. Your kindness, in the first instance of our meeting, cannot be erased; and the second is placed in the monument of memory. I regret, in your letter telling me you cannot visit Bute. Shakspeare, you, and I, I think, would form most excellent companionship, (*pares cum paribus facillime congregantur*); but I shall obey your injunctions, and fortify my constitutional batteries against the new campaign. My dear Sir, with sincere respect, Edmund Kean. P.S. I accept the proposals made by the managers of the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden. E. Kean. I had nearly forgot all this."

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Dec. 4.

MASANIELLO. — Notwithstanding the "puffs preliminary," with which the "pensive public" was dosed,—notwithstanding the dress rehearsals which were honoured by the presence of the private few, that on the sabbath morning inclusive — notwithstanding the cautionary notice put forward by Mr. Sharkey, the box-keeper, beseeching the hundreds who had purchased tickets to present themselves at the doors immediately after their opening, to prevent the fatal consequences likely to result from the tremendous rush that must inevitably take place—the dress circle was nearly empty; there was no box plan exhibited; and this for the simple reason that no seats had been taken: and at the close of the first act there were precisely one hundred and forty-seven persons in the dress boxes. We state this fact with feelings far from pleasurable; for the sum expended in getting out the piece, the labour bestowed on its production, and the general attention apparent in the dresses and stage management, deserved a much greater share of public patronage: but we are driven to it, as well from the disgusting puffs with which the thing was put forward, as from the line adopted, by those who fancy they are best serving the interests of the drama, by stating that which in their hearts they must feel to be, if not wholly untrue, at least greatly exaggerated:—the truth is, the theatre and the company have gotten, and deservedly gotten, into bad repute.

Braham was the hero; Miss Byfeld, Elvira; and Fenella, Miss Huddoct, whose performance was much commended.

Mr. Bunn, lessee of the Dublin theatre, has contradicted the statements made in the *John Bull*, of his having "lost a thousand pounds by the Dublin season, although his company had the advantage of Mr. Braham's name and services. Mr. Braham has been highly attractive; but it is greatly to his credit, that, on two occasions when the houses were bad, owing to the inclemency of the weather, he declined receiving the nightly sum of fifty pounds, for which he is engaged.—*London Morning Post*.

Mr. T. Phillips took his farewell of the stage on Monday, Nov. 30; the house was very well attended. Mr. Green is engaged in the place of Mr. Balls, and proves by no means an adequate substitute.

CARLISLE.

Miss Smithson's engagement here terminated with her benefit, on Tuesday evening. Since our last she has appeared as Juliet, Jane Shore, Lady Macbeth, and Mrs. Haller, in tragedy: her appearance in comedy was principally confined to the part of Mrs. Simpson, in *Simpson and Co*. We see no reason whatever to alter the opinion we pronounced last week respecting this actress. We should also add—for justice requires the confession—that we originally went to see her performance with a strong impression against her in our mind. We are quite annoyed at what we considered the hyperbolical praise poured out, like offerings at the shrine of some canonized saint, in no limited lavishness concerning Miss Smithson. We shall not wrong ourselves by saying that we went to the theatre at first with a design not to be pleased; but certainly we thought and expected that we should find much to censure and little to applaud. The reverse has been the case; for we have seldom been more delighted with any actress than Miss Smithson.

NORTHAMPTON.

A Master Grossmith has been astonishing the inhabitants of this town by the display of wonderful talents, both in tragedy and comedy. The prison scene of *Rolla*, the trial scene of *Shylock*, and the tent scene of *Richard*, are spoken of as master-pieces of the art.

BATH.

On Saturday, a grand pantomime is to be produced, to be called *Harlequin Tom, the Piper's Son*. On Monday, Mr. Perkins appears as *Rolla*. Miss Taylor's acting in the *Robber's Wife* is very highly spoken of. *Black-Eyed Susan* has been very successful here.

BRIGHTON.

On Monday last, Madame Vestris appeared at this theatre, after a long absence, to a well attended, though not a crowded house.—Her engagement was for two nights. The *Robber's Bride* is to be produced here on Saturday.

SHEFFIELD.

The members of the Shakspeare club had their annual bespeak on Friday last. The *Twelfth Night*, and the *Weathercock*, were the performances.—The theatre was filled in every part. On Saturday,

Miss Paton appeared as Lucy Bertram. Notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, the house was tolerably well filled. *Masaniello* is to be got up here in great splendour.

PRESTON.

This theatre opens next week, with the Liverpool company.

MANCHESTER.

THE RIVAL THEATRES.—In the course of the past week, a considerable sensation has been occasioned in Manchester, by a dispute between the proprietors and managers of the Theatre Royal, on the one part, and the manager of the Minor and the Italian company of Signor de Begnis, on the other part, respecting the right of the latter to perform Italian operas in the Minor Theatre. Signor de Begnis, notwithstanding the notice served upon him, performed several nights at the Minor Theatre, with his company; but at length, understanding that he and his performers were likely to incur severe penalties in consequence, he thought proper to discontinue the performance, until the result of the informations laid against him and Mr. Nevill, the proprietor of the Minor Theatre, was known. On Thursday they came on to be heard before the magistrates at the New Bailey, when Mr. Brandt appeared to support the information, and stated, that the object was to put a stop to the performances, which were contrary to law. The learned gentleman cited a variety of precedents in support of his case. A considerable number of witnesses were then called, to prove that *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, an Italian opera, was performed at the Minor Theatre, on Saturday night week. Mr. Lloyd, who appeared for the defendants, cross-examined the several witnesses, most of whom acknowledged, that they did not know whether the language spoken by the company was Italian or Welsh (laughter).

Mr. Brandt declined to reply to the observations of Mr. Lloyd, and the magistrates withdrew, and were absent for a full half hour. On their return, Mr. Wright stated that they had taken considerable pains to investigate the case, and had dealt with it in the best manner they could. They had referred to the different statutes on the subject, and to the several cases quoted by the learned counsel on both sides; and they had come to the conclusion, that the performance on Saturday evening was an Italian opera, and that Mr. Nevill was liable to the penalty of 50*l*. Not-

withstanding this decision of the magistrates, preparations were made for a performance on the Wednesday evening—the house was extremely well filled—but on the arrival of the Italian company at the theatre, police officers were in attendance, who served each of them with a summons, for an infraction of the law on Monday evening. This appears to have struck a panic upon them; for after some delay, during which time the audience were impatiently waiting the drawing up of the curtain, Signor de Begnis, and Signor Gieubili, presented themselves to the audience. Signor de Begnis being unable to make himself understood in English, made an address to the audience in French, which was translated into English, by Signor Gieubili. It briefly narrated the circumstances we have mentioned, and concluded, by announcing, that in consequence, they had resolved upon having no performance; but, that such of them that had paid money, might have it returned. It is almost impossible to describe the disappointment which this announcement gave to the numerous auditory; but, as it was without a remedy, they slowly and reluctantly left the house; not, however, until they had, at the suggestion of some one in the gallery, given three groans for Mr. Beverley, whom they imagined to be the cause of their disappointment.

A number of them, either determined, as they could have no amusement at the Minor Theatre, to have a little somewhere else, or to vent their disappointment in token of disapprobation against Mr. Beverley, betook themselves to the Theatre Royal. Here they began to hiss the performances, and shortly after, on the arrival of Signor de Begnis, and some others of the Italian company, in the house, a tremendous burst of hisses burst forth; a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, amidst which, calls for Mr. Beverley were predominant. That gentleman at length presented himself to the audience, and was received with tokens of disapprobation from one part of the house, and applause from the other. Mr. Beverley made an address to the house as soon as some degree of order was restored; he appeared to be in great distress of mind, and deplored at some length the ruinous consequences in which he was likely to be involved, from the great expense he had been at in conducting the theatre, and the little patronage he had received. On the following day, it was decided by the magistrates that the Italian company should perform concerts instead of operas.

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M^{rs}. GARRICK.

(taken Sept. 1820. Etat 97.)

To
His Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick, DUCHESS of SUSSEX, K.G. &c. &c. &c.

This Plate is (with Permission) most respectfully inscribed.

By

His Royal Highnesses most dutiful, obliged & Obedient Humble Servant,

R. CRUKSHANK



MISS F. KEMBLE.
AS BELVIDERA.

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